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## CHRISTIAN WOLF.

A TRUE STORY—FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from page 151.)

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE fame of this man spread in a short time, through the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nocturnal robberies alarmed the citizens—the name of Christian Wolf became the terrour of old and young—justice set every device at work to ensnare him—and a premium was set upon his head. Yet he was fortunate enough to escape every attempt against his person, and crafty enough to convert the superstition of the peasantry into an engine of defence. It was universally given out that Wolf was in league with the devil—that his whole band were wizards. The province is a remote and ignorant one, and no man was very willing to come to close quarters with the ally of the apostate.

For a full year did Wolf persist in this terrible trade, but at last it began to be intolerable to him. The men at whose head he had placed himself, were not what he had supposed. They had received him at first with an exterior of profusion, but he soon discovered that they had deceived him. Hunger and want appeared in the room of abundance; he was often obliged to venture his

life for a booty, which, when won, was scarcely sufficient to support his existence for a single day. The veil of brotherly affection also passed away, and beneath it he found the lurking paltriness of thieves and harpies. A large reward had been proclaimed for him that should deliver Wolf alive into the hands of justice—if the discoverer should be one of his own gang, a free pardon was promised in addition—a mighty search for the outcast of the earth! Wolf was sensible of his danger. The honour of those who were at war with God and man seemed but an insufficient security for his life. From this time his sleep was agony;—wherever he was, the ghost of suspicion haunted him—pursued his steps—watched his pillow—disturbed his dreams. Long silenced conscience again raised her voice, and slumbering remorse began to awake and mingle her terrors in the universal storm of his bosom. His whole hatred was turned from mankind, and concentrated upon his own head. He forgave all nature, and was inexorable only to himself.

This misery of guilt completed his education, and delivered at last



his naturally excellent understanding from its shackles. He now felt how low he had fallen; sadness took the place of phrenzy in his bosom. Cold tears and solitary sighs obliterated the past; for him it no more existed. He began to hope that he might yet dare to be a good man, for he felt within himself the awakening power of being such. It may be that Wolf, at this the moment of his greatest degradation, was nearer the right path than he had ever been since he first quitted it.

About this time the seven years' war broke out, and the German Princes were every where making great levies of troops. The unhappy Wolf shaped some slight hope to himself from these circumstances, and at last took courage to pen the following letter to his sovereign.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If it be not too much for princely compassion to descend to such as Christian Wolf, give him a hearing; I am a thief and a murderer—the laws condemn me to death—justice has set all her myrmidons in search of me—I beg that I may be permitted to deliver up myself. But I bring, at the same time, a strange petition to the throne. I hate my life, I fear not death, but I cannot bear to die without having lived. I would live, my prince, in order to atone, by my services, for my offences. My execution might be an example to the world, but not an equivalent for my deeds. I hate the wretchedness of guilt, I thirst after virtue. I have shewn my power to do evil, permit me to shew my power to do good.

"I know that I make an unheard of request. My life is forfeit; it may seem absurd for me to state any pretensions to favour. But I appear not in chains and bonds before you—I am still free—and fear is the least among all the motives of my petition.

"It is to mercy that I have fled. I have no claim upon justice—if I had, I should disdain to bring it forward. Yet of one circumstance I might remind my judges—the period of my outrages commenced with that of my degradation. Had their sentence been less severe, perhaps I should have had no occasion to be a suppliant to-day.

"If you give me life, it shall be dedicated to your service. A single word in the gazette shall bring me immediately to your feet. If otherwise you have determined—let justice do her part—I must do mine. \* \*

#### CHRISTIAN WOLF."

This petition remained without an answer; so did a second and a third, in which Wolf begged to be permitted to serve as a hussar in the army of the prince. At last, losing all hope of a pardon, he resolved to fly from the country, and die a brave soldier in the army of King Frederick.

He gave his companions the slip, and took to his journey. The first day brought him to a small country town, where he resolved to spend the night.

The circumstances of the times, the commencing war, the recruiting, made the officers at every post doubly vigilant in observing travellers. The gate-keeper of the town had received a particular command to be attentive. The appearance of Wolf had something imposing about it, but, at the same time, swarthy, terrible, and savage. The meagre, boney horse he rode, and the grotesque and scanty arrangement of his apparel, formed a strange contrast with a countenance whereon a thousand fierce passions seemed to lie exhausted and congealed, like the dying and dead upon a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the strange apparition. Forty years of experience had made the

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man, grown gray in his office, as sharp-sighted as an eagle in detecting offenders. He immediately bolted his gate, and demanded the passport of Wolf. The fugitive was however prepared for this accident; and he drew out, without hesitation, a pass which he had taken a few days before from a plundered merchant. Still this solitary evidence was not able entirely to satisfy the scruples of the practised officer. The gate-keeper trusted his own eyes rather than the paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the town-house.

The chief magistrate of the place examined the pass, and declared it to be in every respect what it should be. It happened that this man was a great politician—his chief pleasure in life consisted in conning over a newspaper, with a bottle of wine before him. The passport shewed forth that its bearer had come from the very centre of the seat of war. He hoped to draw some private intelligence from the stranger; and the clerk, who brought back the pass, requested Wolf to step in, and take a bottle of Markbrunner with his master.

Meantime the traveller had remained on horseback at the door of the town-house, and his singular appearance had collected about him half the rabble of the place. They looked at the horse and his rider by turns—they laughed—they whispered—at last it had become a perfect tumult. Unfortunately the animal Wolf rode on was a stolen one, and he immediately began to fancy that it had been described in some of the prints. The unexpected invitation of the magistrate completed his confusion. He took it for granted that the falsity of his pass had been detected, and that the invitation was only a trick for getting hold of him alive. A bad conscience stupefied his faculties—he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped

off without making any answer to the clerk.

The sudden flight convinced all that had before suspected him. "A thief, a robber!" was the cry, and the whole mob were at his heels. Wolf rode for life and death, and he soon left his pursuers breathless behind. His deliverance is near; but a heavy hand was upon him—the hour was come—unrelenting destiny was there.

The road he had taken led to no outlet, and Wolf was obliged to turn round upon his pursuers.

The alarm of this incident had, in the meantime, set the whole town into an uproar; every road was blockaded, and a whole host of enemies came forth to receive him. He draws out a pistol; the crowd yields; he begins to make a way for himself through their ranks.

"The first that lays a finger on me dies," shouted Wolf, holding out his pistol. Fear produced an universal pause. But a firm old soldier seized him from behind, and mastered the hand which held the weapon. He knocks the pistol from his grasp; the disarmed Wolf is instantly dragged from his horse, and borne in triumph back to the town-house.

"Who are you?" said the magistrate, in a stern and brutal tone.

"One who is resolved to answer no questions, unless they be more civilly put."

"Who are you sir?"

"What I said I was. I have travelled through all Germany, and never found oppression till now."

"Your sudden flight excites suspicion against you. Why fled you?"

"Because I was weary of being mocked by your rabble."

"You threatened to fire——?"

"My pistol was not loaded." They examined it and found no ball.

"Why do you carry such weapons?"



"Because I have property with me, and I have heard a great deal of one Wolf that haunts in the woods here."

"Your answers prove your courage, but not your honesty, friend. I allow you till morning. Perhaps you will then speak the truth."

"I have already said all."

"Take him to the tower."

"To the tower?—I beg you would consider, sir. There is justice in the country, and I will demand satisfaction at your hands."

"I shall give you satisfaction, friend, so soon as you find justice on your side."

Next morning the magistrate began to suspect that, after all, the stranger might be an honest man, and that high words might have no effect in making him alter his tone. He was half inclined to think that the best way might be to let him go. He called together the councillors, however, and sent for the prisoner.

"I hope you will forgive us, if we dealt somewhat hardly with you yesterday evening."

"Most willingly, since you ask me to do so."

"Our rules are strict, and your conduct gave rise to suspicion. I cannot set you free without departing from my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would say something, which might satisfy us of your good character?"

"And if I should say nothing?"

"Then I must send your passport to Munich, and you must remain here till it returns."

Wolf was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be much agi-

tated: he then stepped close up to the magistrate.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The councillors looked doubtfully at each other; but the magistrate motioned to them, and they withdrew.

"Now, what will you?"

"Your conduct yesterday evening, sir, could never have brought me to your terms, for I despise violence. The manner in which you treat me to-day has filled me with respect for your character. I believe you to be an honourable man."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see you are an honourable man. I have long wished to meet with such a man. Will you give me your right hand?"

"What will you stranger?"

"Your head is gray and venerable. You have been long in the world—you have had sorrows too—Is it not so?—and they have made you more merciful?"

"Sir, what mean you?"

"You are near to eternity—yourself will soon have need of compassion from God. You will not deny it to man. Am I not right? To whom do you suppose yourself to be speaking?"

"What is this?—you alarm me."

"Do you not guess the truth?—Write to your prince how you found me, and that I have been my own betrayer. May God's mercy to him be such as his shall be to me. Entreat for me, old man—weep for me—my name is WOLF."

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## ANECDOTES OF INFIDEL MORALITY.

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(From the New Monthly Magazine, for September, 1818.)

MR. EDITOR,

**W**HILE the zeal of believers in revealed religion is on the alert

to spread its truths from one hemisphere to the other, the craft of infidelity is no less active in endea-



vouring to undermine the influence of christianity at home. Hence obsolete tracts are dragged forth from the dormitory where they have been suffered to lie for years; and being newly vamped with other names, are obtruded upon the world as unanswerable performances. The old cant of philosophical morality is assumed for this attempt to rob men of their creed, and the maxims of Epicurus, and the doctrines of Mohammed, are put upon an equal footing with the laws of Christ! But though I trust there is no great danger to be apprehended from such miserable efforts to disseminate Deism, I think it right that the publick should be guarded against the poison now vending under the specious appellation of philosophy. "By their fruits, ye shall know them," was the monition of Him who was wiser than men, when speaking of the arts of deceivers. If, therefore, the writers on the side of infidelity are better guides than Christian teachers, the excellence of their principles must be apparent in their conduct. Let us then examine the characters of these luminaries, and observe what chance of moral improvement there is in exchanging the Old Testament for the Shaster, the proverbs of Solomon for the precepts of Confucius, or the doctrines of the Gospel for the injunctions of the Koran. With this view I send you some anecdotes of leading infidel writers, purposing to follow them with others at a future time, if you should deem the present collection deserving a place in your Magazine.

W. J.

#### Apostacy.

Of the loose and indeterminate texture of sceptical minds, a remarkable proof appears in the fact, that three principal writers, whose works may be denominated the arsenal of infidelity, turned from

Protestantism to Popery: and then, after becoming nominal Protestants again, sunk into a state of absolute Deism. These were BAYLE, of whom it is difficult to say, whether he was a Manichean Fatalist, or a mere Latitudinarian; TINDAL, who to keep his fellowship under James the Second, professed his belief in transubstantiation, and at the revolution took the oaths of allegiance and the sacrament; lastly, GIBBON, whose character was marked by a double apostacy: first, in religion, and afterwards in politicks; when from being a flaming patriot, a bold antagonist of Lord North, he accepted a seat at the treasury, and became one of the members of the Board of Trade. A keen writer of that day thus addressed him on this defection from his party. "Lord North hired you as a faithful servant; but as it is not in his province to set you your task, neither had he the fixing of your appointments. The one must be settled as the other was decreed, in *another* place besides Downing-street; and believe me, for perhaps you do not know it, his lordship acts precisely the part of the master of a register office. His business is to *prefer*, not to determine or finally chuse, much less to fix the quantum of wages. Your duty and interest make it necessary you should look another way. Come forth as a volunteer; plunge deeper, if possible, into political apostacy and ingratitude, and your fortune will be built as on a rock."

#### Hobbes.

The philosopher of Malmesbury, as he affected to be called, had a very convenient morality of his own, and one that, from its flexibility, would never endanger a man under any external circumstances. It was his ruling principle, that the end justified the means, which, in his familiar conversation, he thus illustrated: "Were I to be cast into a



deep pit, and the Devil should chance to put down his cloven foot, I certainly would lay hold of it to accomplish my deliverance."

Agreeable to this maxim, he flattered Cromwell, though a royalist in his heart; and after the Restoration, he contributed to the corruption of the court by his writings. But Hobbes, with all his logical subtlety, could not allay the fears which the prospect of futurity conjured up in his solitary moments. He dreaded to be left alone, and a fit of the tooth-ache threw him into an agony of apprehension. At the age of ninety he ordered a great coat that should last him three years, when he intended to have another of the same kind. Even then his tenacity of life was so strong, that when a lady of his acquaintance endeavoured to turn his thoughts towards a future state, he rudely interrupted her with vehement protestations against all discourse about death, or as he used to call it, "taking a leap in the dark."

#### *Spinoza.*

This man was an Epicurean in the fullest sense of the appellation; for in one of his printed letters, speaking of the effects of his doctrine, that the material universe is the Deity, he says, "I am happy whilst I enjoy my opinion, and pass my life easily, merrily, and pleasantly, without tears and sighs." Upon this passage, Dr. Nieuwentyt observes, "Let wise men judge whether these words shew a philosopher seeking after truth, or an obstinate atheist that will not be convinced, lest it should spoil his mirth." The same ingenious physician says, "It is very certain that Spinoza, to avoid being disquieted, whilst he lay upon his death-bed, would not admit of any discourse about a future state, and the certainty or uncertainty of his own opinions, which shows that he was

no true philosopher, and that he could not endure the trial of his principles at the moment when the application of them was of the utmost importance." If moral philosophy, as it is called, does not enable men to look with confidence beyond this life, what reliance can be placed upon its rules and deductions in regard to present duty.

#### *Toland.*

This confident writer was the natural son of an Irish priest of the Romish persuasion, who gave him, however, a good education, which he repaid by ingratitude, and was discarded for his irregularities. He then turned Presbyterian, and became a violent republican, an inveterate enemy to the church of England, as well as to the communion in which he had been originally bred. But his habits would not comport well with his new connexions, and he then made an open profession of Deism, in which cause he actually embarked as a missionary, writing books against Christianity in England, and travelling over the continent, as far as Poland, for the purpose of disseminating the principles of infidelity. At length he returned to London, where all on a sudden he lost his credit with the party by whom he was supported, in consequence of a silver spoon being missing at an entertainment given by a wealthy merchant, who thought it honour to be of no religion. Whether the spoon was ever found, or whether there were any just grounds for suspecting Toland of the theft, the fact proves in what little estimation his moral principles were held by those who employed his talents against revelation. Yet this man is still cried up by some modern scepticks and \*\*\*\*\* who are continually poaching in his writings for arguments or quibbles on the subject of Christianity. One position impu-



dently maintained by Toland was, that our Lord did not actually die on the cross, and therefore the resurrection could be no miracle. This absurdity has appeared in a contemporary Magazine with commendation.

*Bolinbroke and Mallet.*

It is well known that David Mallet, after swindling the Duchess of Marlborough out of five hundred pounds to write a book which he never began, became toad-eater to the infidel of Battersea, the man who turned his political principles, or rather conduct, from side to side just as suited his interest, betraying and robbing all who put confidence in his professions. Bolinbroke after running a course of private debauchery and publick treachery, faithless alike to God and man, left a magazine of papers to his friend, if such characters can be said to have friends, with injunctions to publish them when the carcase of the author should be deposited in the vault of his ancestors. Mallet contrived by puffing to excite a wonderful expectation in the literary world, and some fear in the minds of serious believers. It was said that the foundations of revealed religion would be shaken by this tremendous explosion, and about the time when the publication was to take place, which, according to the custom of the trade at that period, was fixed at twelve o'clock on an appointed day, Mallet in the circle of a select company, pulled out his watch, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, in half an hour Christianity will sick-en!" It was in allusion to this infamous boast that Johnson called Bolinbroke "a sneaking coward, who, having charged a blunderbuss up to the muzzle against religion, left a scoundrel to draw the trigger!"

*Hume.*

When this subtle metaphysician and self-deceiving sceptick, pub-

lished his first work, he at the same time printed a pamphlet for the purpose of exciting general attention to his book. The title of this tractate, is "An abstract of a book lately published, entitled, a Treatise of Human Nature, &c. wherein the chief argument of that book is farther illustrated and explained." London, printed for C. Borbet, (it should be Corbet) at Addison's head, over against St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street: price, six-pence."

The pamphlet consisting of two octavo sheets, is in fact, an abridgment of the work which it recommends; and in the preface are these modest remarks: "The book seemed to me to have such an air of singularity and novelty as claimed the attention of the publick; especially if it be found, as the author seems to insinuate, that were his philosophy received, we must alter, from the foundation, the greatest part of the sciences. Such bold attempts are always advantageous in the republick of letters, because they shake off the yoke of authority, accustom men to think for themselves, give new limits, which men of genius may carry further, and by the very opposition illustrate points wherein no one before suspected any difficulty.

"The author must be contented to wait with patience for some time before the learned world can agree in their sentiments of his performance. 'Tis his misfortune that he cannot make an *appeal to the people*, who in all matters of common reason and eloquence are found so infallible a tribunal. He must be judged by the few whose verdict is more apt to be corrupted by partiality and prejudice, especially as no one is a proper judge in these subjects, who has not often thought of them; and such are apt to form to themselves systems of their own, which they resolve not to relin-



quish. I hope the author will excuse me for intermeddling in this affair, since my aim is only to increase his auditory, by removing some difficulties which have kept many from apprehending his meaning."

This may be called *critical puffing*, but as reviews were not then in request, the effects produced by it must have been inconsiderable.

It is not generally known that Hume out of vanity and enmity to religion, caused two pamphlets, compiled from Spinoza's *Tractatus Politico Theologicus*, to be reprinted at London in 1763. The first is entitled, "*Tractatus de Miraculis auctore spectatissimo*," and the second, "*Tractatus de primis duodecim Vet.*"

Both pieces are in Latin; but the first has an English dedication to David Hume, "the most accomplished man, the noblest and most acute philosopher of this age!" It is very remarkable, however, that both pamphlets, though taken from two obscure octavo volumes of miscellanies, printed at Amsterdam, are passed off as entirely original articles. Such is the honesty of amoral philosophers, who take upon them to dispel the clouds of superstition, and to purge the visual organs of man's understanding.

Hume has been cried up by his admirers as a man of benevolence, and of the most equable temper, which he is said to have shewn most exemplarily in the prospect of dissolution. This sort of apathy, however, is of little value, and will hardly be any recommendation of Deism, when we see so many in-

stances of a total want of feeling at the gallows. What must that man's sensibility have been, who first undermined his mother's faith in the doctrines of the Gospel; and when at the last she wanted the solace of his presence, and the comforts of his philosophy, to smooth the path of death, denied her both the one and the other?—Yet such was David Hume, who artfully made a convert of his parent, and then avoided her sight when she stood in need of his consolation! How different was this from the conduct of Melancthon, whose mother asking him what she should believe amidst the religious divisions of the age, at the same time repeating her old prayers, the pious son cheered her by desiring that she would go on in the same course, and leave questions to disputants.

Gray the poet, in a letter to Dr. Beattie, has given the following discriminating opinion of this celebrated writer:—

"I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptick can be governed by nothing but his passions, (if he has any) and interests: and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing without any study at all. That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand."

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INTERESTING NOTICES AND ANECDOTES OF  
**ROB ROY M'GREGOR,**  
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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From the New Monthly Magazine, for September, 1818.

**A** LITTLE upwards of a year freebooter was no more talked of on ago, and this once formidable this side the Tweed, than if he had



never existed.—People had ceased to raise any inquiry respecting what he did, or what he was. His name was dying away in the remembrance of his own countrymen, and even in the land of his nativity, and in those very districts which had been the scenes of his depredations, the mention of his exploits and his darings was seldom introduced, except on occasions when the village group assembled over a cheerful fire, to beguile with tales and legends, the tediousness of a winter's night.

The author of *Waverley*, however, has imparted such a degree of interest to this man's history and character—has thrown over him all the liveliness and witchery of his colouring, and has placed him to our view in attitudes so striking, and so original, as both to create and to justify all that avidity with which we peruse every circumstance that is communicated respecting him.

Rob Roy was born towards the close of the seventeenth century. His father was M'Gregor, of Glen-gyle, in Argyleshire, and his mother was of the ancient and respectable family of Glenlyon in the county of Perth. He had a small property which had been in the possession of his family for several generations, and he lived on it for a course of years, sustaining the character of a lenient proprietor, and a peaceable man. But in consequence of a failure in a cattle-dealing speculation which he entered into at the request, and with the partnership of the Duke of Montrose, a misunderstanding took place, which proved to the latter a source of much trouble and annoyance; and to the former, the origin of all his misfortunes, as well as of all his fame.

The cause of the quarrel was simply this. As the Duke had entered as partner in the concern alluded to,

and as he should have been entitled to his share of the profits had the scheme proved successful, M'Gregor thought it but fair that he should also bear his proportion of the damage. Accordingly after having made an accurate deduction from the Duke's capital, (10,000 merks) he returned him the remainder, giving him, at the same time, a statement of his reasons for not refunding the whole. Montrose, so far from acknowledging the fairness of this measure, insisted on having back the entire sum he had advanced, interest and principal. Rob Roy had neither the ability nor the inclination to comply with this unjust request. In offering the money to Montrose, he thought that he had done every thing that honesty and fair dealing required; and as it had been refused, he believed himself to be perfectly justifiable in applying it to his own purposes, and accordingly the money was expended on a vain, but adventurous project in the year 1715. The Duke, on being apprized of this, laid an adjudication on M'Gregor's lands, and in a short time, left the unfortunate man and his family without the shelter of a house or of a home.

This proceeding, cruel and arbitrary as it was, never drew a murmur from the strong mind of M'Gregor. He knew that entreaty was fruitless, and he was superiour to the unmanliness of complaint. Indignant at his wrongs, and stung with the thought of impending misery, he calmly buckled on his armour, and swore the fellest enmity to Montrose.

The fierceness with which he kept up this spirit in all its hostility and deadliness, the wrathful firmness with which he adhered to his purposes of revenge, and the success with which he but too often accomplished them, are known to all who are conversant with the modern history of the Highlands.



His opponent was a man of great power and influence in the state, and he availed himself of this advantage in retaliating on Rob Roy; for an armed force had often been employed on the side of Montrose, and often to little purpose. The followers of the freebooter, on the other hand, were few, but they were select, and unalterably attached to their leader, and to his interests. Few as they were, so great was the terror they had struck into the lowland districts in their vicinity, that the Duke of Montrose could seldom or never muster a sufficient number who had courage and confidence to meet them.

In the course of this predatory warfare, M'Gregor encountered many hardships and inflictions which common minds would have sunk under with dismay. He was deprived of his patrimony. He was driven from the land of his ancestors—sad fate for any highlander. His impoverished family was compelled to seek shelter and subsistence in another country, and himself was proclaimed an outlaw and a rebel.

The narrow risks he ran in this miserable state, together with his "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field," are truly surprising: while his cleverness of contrivance, and that ready presence of mind which he displayed under the pressure of unexpected emergencies, almost exceed belief. He has often been known with a slight disguise, and with a price on his head, to mingle with his enemies, and converse with them, and to act as guide to those very parties, who had been sent out in search of him. On these occasions he invariably led them to an ambush, or facilitated his own escape.

To the author and origin of his misfortunes, all the fire of M'Gregor's hatred and wrath had been directed as to a focus. His incursions

were directed exclusively against the lands of his enemy. Whole

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\* Graham of Killearn, factor to the Duke of Montrose, had been collecting his rents in a small publick house or inn, on the borders of Monteith. This gentleman had imbibed all his master's hostility to the Highland free-booter; and after the business of the day was over, and money collected to a great amount, he loudly declared that the ponderous money-bag should be the property of him who would bring Rob Roy into his presence. M'Gregor, who on occasions of moment and interest to himself, might almost be said to be omnipresent, was near enough to overhear this friendly declaration, and with his wonted caution and celerity, he ordered his *Gillies* to take their station, two by two, around the house, as a precaution against any unexpected arrival, and to prevent an escape, if any should be attempted. He then boldly entered the apartment where the factor was seated in the midst of a group of tenants, who had just emptied their purses into his. "Well, Killearn," said the fearless free-booter, "here I am, the Rob Roy M'Gregor, the greatest enemy your master has on this side of hell. Now I claim the proffered blood money; produce the bag." The factor, who at first stared at M'Gregor with as much amazement as if he had seen a spectre from the grave, was quite astounded at this demand, and the more so, as it came from a person whom he knew it was fruitless to refuse or to resist. Accordingly he began, as well as a faltering voice would allow, to work on the feelings of his unwelcome visitor. "No whimpering for me," interrupted he, striking the table with his fist, "down with the bag." The demand was immediately complied with, and the unfortunate factor was compelled on the spot to acknowledge to the tenants the receipt of the rents. "One word more," said M'Gregor, "and our business is settled for this time. Swear by your eternal soul that you will neither raise an alarm, nor divulge one circumstance that has passed at this interview before the expiration of two hours." "Now," added he, after the ceremony was over, "I have done with you, valiant factor. If you attempt to break your oath, remember you have a soul to save, and remember too, that M'Gregor has a dirk, which has seen the light of day through a stouter man than Killearn."

Hereupon Rob Roy and his *Gillies* with:



granaries were emptied, and whole fields were cleared of their cattle, "at one fell swoop;" and for these depredations M'Gregor never sought the covert of night. His was never the dark insidious purpose, nor the cowardly onset. He advanced like one who came not to seize his prey, but to claim his right; for he had made his appearance in the face of day, and in defiance of numbers; and he appeared to proceed on the conviction that all the property of his adversary was but a sorry equivalent to the wreck of his own family and fortunes, and to the loss of his character as a peaceable and respected citizen.

A stickler to the original meaning of words might be apt to question how far the name of rebel and outlaw was applicable to M'Gregor; for he respected and observed all civil regulations so long as he felt and enjoyed their benefit, and he never supposed himself at liberty to avenge his own wrongs, till the laws of his country procured him neither justice nor protection.

But with all these characters of revenge, fury, and fearlessness, this man possessed the very milk of

drew, and were in a much shorter time than had been prescribed, in perfect safety among their fastnesses.

humanity and kindness. The helpless and the oppressed ever found a friend in M'Gregor. He never refused to procure redress for the poor man's wrongs, and his purse and claymore were ready at any time to rescue an ill-used peasant from the power of a hard and overbearing proprietor.

Such was the noted chieftain Rob Roy M'Gregor. His bravery has been a theme to the historian, the novelist, and the poet. That he caused for a time much disorder in his country cannot be denied; but till the commencement of the feud with Montrose, no man could have led a life more orderly, or more honourable. He was unchangeable in his friendships. In his resentments he was fierce to an extreme; yet it was not the fierceness of a savage but of an injured persecuted hero. We justly condemn him for the greatness of his revenge, but we forget the variety and the extent of his wrongs. Now-a-days we are apt to dwell on the gloomy and repulsory features of his character; and yet even at this more refined stage of society, there are not wanting those who admire that giant spirit of his, which so many disasters could not crush, and which so many enemies could never conquer.

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR,

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

From the Literary Gazette, for Sept. 1818.

### A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

O rus, quando te adspiciam.

Happy the man who to the shades retires,  
Whom Nature charms.

POPE. — *Windsor Forest*.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads  
around

Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and  
spires,

— — — — — till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

THOMPSON.

I HAVE always preferred the  
"shady side of Pall Mall" to



any shady groves or bowers in the world. Though my attachment for a town life is such, that I have refused a thousand invitations to the country, yet after a whole winter of promising to visit Lord Riverbank at his retreat, twenty miles from London, I at last did violence to my inclination and went thither. I had heard a great deal of the magnificence of his house—of his improvements and his hospitality—and I was now about to judge for myself as to all these particulars.

I accordingly threw myself into a post-chaise, and arrived at Riverbank Park about two o'clock, P. M. I inquired for my Lord, and was informed that he was busy, but would be with me immediately. Her Ladyship was employed in stag-hunting. I next asked for the young Lord, and found that he was fishing:—Lady Ann, the eldest daughter?—she was out with the coachman, learning to drive:—Lady Elizabeth?—she was with her drill master, that is to say, with a Sergeant of the Guards, who was putting her through her facings, and teaching her to march:—Lady Mary?—She was lying down. “Bless me,” said I, “the family are oddly employed! But I am sorry for Lady Mary’s indisposition.” “She is not indisposed at all,” replied the Butler, “she is lying flat on the floor for an hour, by order of her Ladyship, by way of improving her shape;” and Mademoiselle Martin, the governess?—added I—“is,” answered the Butler, “waltzing with a young Officer who is on a visit here, for amusement’s sake, whilst Lady Mary is thus stretched on a board.” “Preposterous!” muttered I to myself!

The nursery was now let loose, and the infantine race crowded about me, hid under the skirts of my coat, and insisted upon my playing at battledore and shuttlecock with them, which I reluctantly did.

At length, after the lapse of an hour, my Lord made his appearance, in a very slovenly undress, his hands quite dirty, and an unfinished needle-case between his finger and thumb. He had been turning in his workshop (his favourite amusement) and apologized for his delay. His first anxiety was to show me his shop, his tools, and his performances. He then stunned me with the noise of a wheel, and presented me with a pen-case, which I could have bought, better done, for sixpence. His next care was to take me over his improvements, which business lasted two hours, and fatigued me exceedingly. I had the honour to visit his piggery, to get knee deep in straw and manure in his farm yard, to catch cold after walking fast in his dairy, and to assist him in reclaiming a horse which broke through a fence. In our walk, he praised himself a good deal, talked to me of the size of his cattle, and added something about a cross in his sheep, which escaped my attention at the time, and which is not worth the trying to remember.

We now came in to dress for dinner, and the family assembled together. Lord Greenethorn had caught three small fish, and had pricked his finger whilst baiting his hook. The Seageant was heard in praise of Lady Ann, who performed as well, he said, as if she had been an old soldier. Coachee was interrogated respecting Lady Elizabeth, who, he assured my Lord, would in a short time make a very pretty whip. The Governess’s evidence was not so favourable to Lady Mary, who, she complained, would not be still a minute. This was very bad; but Lady Mary stated in her defence, that it was impossible whilst waltzing was going on. My Lord patted her on the head, and, turning to me, observed, “She’s a fine wild girl, an’t she?” to which I assented,



Dinner was now served up in a sumptuous style, but all was stiffness and formality. I was seated next to her Ladyship, whose conversation ran upon the pleasures and the dangers of the chase. She had been twice up to the saddle in water, had been once nearly knocked down by the bough of a tree, and had taken some very desperate leaps. My Lord talked to the Curate all dinner time about farming, with all the ardour of a novice, and all the ignorance imaginable. Lady Ann and Lady Elizabeth quarrelled together most part of the time about some trifling matter or other. Mademoiselle Martin appeared to be the great favourite of the young Officer; and Lady Mary annoyed me by asking a thousand silly questions about what was doing in town—what was the last fashion—if I could get her a new novel, and the like.

The circulation of the bottle after dinner was slow and confined. The Parson drank two to one to his neighbour. The *Militaire* tippled wine and water, complaining of being feverish, and took a walk with the young ladies and their governess, who kept them running races, whilst she was flirting with the Captain.

Lord Riverbank now proposed another walk, but I declined it on the score of my morning's fatigue. I accordingly went up to the drawing-room, where I found her Ladyship sleeping on the sofa, overcome with the hard riding of the hunt, and Miss M'Clintach, a Highland unmarried lady of about fifty, whose pardon I beg for not having named her at dinner. This Caledonian lady is the quintessence of old maidishness, yet affected in the extreme, and much inclined to be taken for twenty-five years of age. She is so formal, however, withal, that she would not sit next a man at

table, for fear that he might touch her by accident with his knee.

When the walking party returned, cards were proposed; but we could not make up a party. Miss M'Clintach said it did not do for young people to gamble, and (in a very broad accent) observed that cards were the *deevle's bukes*. Waltzing was then mentioned; and two couples started, whilst the third sister played on the piano forte. There was a quarrel at starting, as to who was to get the Captain. The eldest daughter, however, claimed the right of primogeniture, whilst the second sister danced with tears in her eyes for disappointment, and Mademoiselle looked as black as a thunder-cloud. I was set down to cards with the Parson, and lost every game at piquette. Lord Greenthorn established a game at forfeits for the younger children, and in this Miss M'Clintach joined, by way of appearing young and innocent. When, however, it came to her turn to be saluted, she made a most desperate resistance, appealing to the higher powers, and exclaiming very loudly and in a most extreme northern accent, "*A beg leave to state that a set my face against the measure entirely.*" A roar of laughter from all quarters followed this remark; and the cause was given against the Lady, who slapped the young Lord's face, and retired in a rage, amidst thundering applause, or rather thundering mirth at her expense.

Fatigued with turning, Lord Riverbank now fell asleep; and I, taking the hint, slipped unperceived to my room, where I noted down all the transactions of the day. After breakfast the following morning, I took my leave, resolved never again to pass such a day in the country, unless brought there on some most urgent and pressing occasion. My Lord's estate is a fine one, his house is roomy and ex-



pensively fitted up: but comfort is no where to be found in his domain; and as for improvements, there is great room yet for many more, beginning with the family itself.

On my way home, I could not help thinking that there was much truth in the remark of a Frenchman, who stated, as his opinion, that we find in life fewer things positively and intentionally bad, than things out of place, *des choses déplacées*. This led me to consider the pursuits and pleasures of the Riverbank family, all innocent in themselves, but quite out of place, as if the family had changed sexes, sides and conditions, and did every thing by a rule contrary to all old established propriety.

Thus had Lord Riverbank been stag-hunting, and Lady Riverbank fishing—had the young Lord been in the hands of his drill sergeant, or driving out for the purpose of becoming an able charioteer—had Lady Ann been dancing in the place of her governess—and had Lady Elizabeth and the recumbent Lady Mary been employed at their musick or at study, whilst Mademoiselle might be altering some dress—it strikes me that the pursuits of the family would have been more analogous to the age, sex, rank and understandings of its members. As for the turning, carpenter, and cabinet-making lines, they might have been omitted altogether.

We indeed hear of a Royal locksmith, and of one king's making buttons, and another crowned head being employed in the art of embroidery (a courtly thing enough, when not performed by a needle;) yet cannot tailoring or any operative mean handicraft trade ever be fitted for royalty, or even manhood. The sceptre should never be exchanged for the hammer or saw, nor the sword laid aside for the bodkin or scissors. To honest mechanicks let such occupations be left, they are suited to their educations and to their habits; but the nobleman or gentleman who makes amusements of them, is surely much out of his sphere.

His mind must be sadly confined, and his time must hang heavy indeed, who would plane, and saw, and hammer, and nail, whilst the book of nature and of science is spread out before him—whilst his library is open to his researches, the whole face of the earth to his improvement, and whilst his country may demand his services in the senate or in the field. I beg pardon of the operative mechanical quality of my acquaintance, but I cannot help saying, that I would send a lord cabinet-maker, turner, or tailor, to keep company with a lady shoe-maker, or farrier, for such there are, and not at all admired by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

## MADAME DESHOULIERES,

THE FRENCH POETESS.

From the Literary Gazette.

**T**HIS lady was much admired as a poetess by her countrymen, yet except her pastorals, the subjects chosen by her are little interesting; and rather evince strength of mind than harmony of verse, or delicacy of feeling. Indeed they are what might have been expected from a character endued with the self-possession displayed in the fol-

lowing adventure, in which she conducted herself with an intrepidity and coolness which would have done honour to a hero.

Madame Deshoulieres was invited by the Count and Countess de Larneville to pass some time at their chateau, several leagues from Paris. On her arrival she was freely offered the choice of all the bed-



chambers in the mansion, except one, which from the strange noises that had been for some time nocturnally heard within it, was generally believed to be haunted, and as such had been deserted. Madame Deshoulieres was no sooner informed of this circumstance by her friends, than to their great surprise and terrour she immediately declared her resolution of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The Count looked aghast as she disclosed this determination, and in a tremulous voice entreated her to give up so rash an intention, since however brave curiosity might at present make her, it was more than probable that in her present situation she would pay for its gratification with her life. The Countess observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high spirited Madame Deshoulieres, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from an enterprise from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. "What have we not to fear then," she added, "for a woman on the eve of becoming a mother? Let me conjure you, if not for your own sake, for that of your unborn infant, give up your daring plan." All these arguments repeated over and over again were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage rose superiour to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they owed their colouring to superstition acting upon weak minds—she entertained no faith in the "fleshy arm" of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulieres found it grand and spacious—the windows dark from the thickness of the walls—the chimney antique and of cavernous

depth. As soon as Madame was undressed, she stepped into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed in a bracket which stood on a stand near it, and enjoining her *femme de chambre* to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, then sunk to repose—from this she was soon roused by a noise at her door—it opened, and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulieres immediately decided that this must be the supposed Ghost, and therefore addressed it with an assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose of detecting the impostor which had created such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent on penetrating and exposing it at all hazards. This threat she reiterated to no purpose, for no answer was returned. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on their rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that any one under the influence of fear would have taken for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit, but Madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor whom she suspected to be one of the domesticks, but it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for it now ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. In fine, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself against the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulieres was now more decidedly called upon to evince all that firmness of mind and intrepidity of spirit of which she had boasted—and well did she



justify the confidence she had placed in her own courage, for still retaining her self possession, she exclaimed, "Ah now I shall ascertain what thou art," at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain them till day should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Madame found her patience put to some trial, but not her strength, for nothing could be more unresisting and quiet than the owner of the imprisoned ears. Day at length released her from the awkward, painful position in which she had remained for so many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros-Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulières had so long kept him, he licked the hands which he believed had been kindly keeping his ears warm all night; while Madame Deshoulières enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end to an adventure, for the encounter of which she had braced her every nerve.

In the meantime the Count and Countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself, grew more terrible to their imagination the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings they proceeded as soon as it was light to the apartment of Madame Deshoulières—scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so. From this state of *petrification* they were re-

vived by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliments of the morning with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed with an impressive solemnity, and having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she smilingly pointed to Gros-Blanc, as she said to the Count "there is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;" for such he had concluded it from having been the last person who had died in the chateau. The Count regarded his wife—then the dog—and blushed deeply, not knowing whether it were better to laugh or be angry. But Madame, who possessed a commanding manner, which at the same time awed and convinced, ended this state of irresolution by saying, "No, no, Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. I will complete my task, and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes." Madame arose, made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed, as to render the locking it useless, against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been evidently the cause of Gros-Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. The rest is easily accounted for, Gros-Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders and caused all the noises which has annoyed me this night, and he would have taken possession of my bed also if he had not given me an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural augury.